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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE SOUL.

Three messengers to me from heaven came
And said: "There is a deathless human soul;
It is not lost, as is the fiery flame
That dies into the undistinguished whole.
Ah, no; it separate is, distinct as God—
Nor any more than he can it be killed;
Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
For naught can quench the light that once it filled."

Three messengers—the first was human Love;
The second voice came crying in the night
With strange and awful music from above;
None who have heard that voice forget it quite;
Birth is its name; the third, O, turn not pale!
'Twas Death to the undying soul cried, Hail!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913. NUMBER 10.

TRANSMIGRATION.

Dear, fragrant ashes heaping 'neath my hand,
Can you forget that you have been a rose?
God's impress rested on you; He had planned
The beauty it was yours to disclose;
What once the Great Seal touches—does it hold
That touch for aye, as richness to infold?

Beloved, I am wondering if a cell
Could tarry with your spirit, year by year,
And love it not, or loving, miss the spell
Of that it loved, adrift in any sphere;
The "choir invisible" we join may reach
Yet finer harmonies than we dare teach.

One fiat of the universe is change;
Might not a grateful spirit recompense
The dust it scatters free to rearrange
With heightened impetus toward sentience?
Conceive an atom climbing unto soul;
Hath not our God breathed life into the whole?

O Comrade! All things seem more precious now,
Since you have wrapped you in the Vast Unknown;
Perhaps we are but softly learning how
The transmigration of the soul has grown
To mean an influence radiating far,
Yet thralling not its freed initial star.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

We know of a certain minister who sent an abstract of his sermon to the Chicago dailies recently in which there was a list of the causes for which his pulpit stood. Four of the leading dailies in Chicago published that abstract on the Monday morning following, but each had somehow blue penciled the sentence or two given to the saloon and its appeals *and no other item.* What does this mean? Is there a conspiracy of silence on the part of the daily papers in Chicago concerning this most aggressive and obvious evil? Are even the preachers to be edited from the counting-room whenever they come to speak plain words concerning the drink evil and the saloon pest? The brewers and the distillers are generous advertisers. The preachers do not pay for much advertising. Does this have something to do with the matter?

The November number of *The Forum* contains an interesting analysis of the definitive edition of the works of Francis Thomson, which now, nine years after his untimely death, appear in three volumes from the *Scribner* press. Not since Edgar Allan Poe has there been such a crucifixion of genius on the cross of uncontrolled appetite and lamentable dissipation. Perhaps the terrible goadings of thwarted conscience and defeated ambition have never been so profoundly interpreted from the within as they have been in this poor unfortunate man's poem entitled "The Hounds of Heaven.' It is a weird description in poetic phrase of that power, not ourselves, that dooms a man to righteousness. If the soul cannot be lured by ideals it will be whipped by the lashes of outraged conscience into the kingdom of love.

Life is ostensibly a funny paper. It is prone to look at life with its cap and bells on, though it has ideals which it approaches through its humor; but in a recent issue it laid aside its comedy mask and made a valuable contribution to the literature of universal peace. Some dozen leading representatives of thought were asked the following question: "Will universal peace among the leading Powers of the world come within the next hundred years, in your opinion?" Among the letters published are those from Andrew Carnegie; Norman Angell of London, England; Dr. Lyman Abbott; John Mitchell, the labor leader; W. J. Bryan; ex-President Taft; General Funston; Dr. Van Dyke; David Starr Jordan and others. It is worthy of note that the only one of these dozen contributors who tried to be funny was Frederick Funston, who wears the title of "Brigadier-General, U. S. A." He wrote his letter from the "Headquarters of the Hawaiian Department in Honolulu." This is the man who won his spurs by acts of treachery and forgery. He tricked Aguinaldo into a capture where valor and the acknowledged rules of civilized (?) warfare failed. And for this the United States made him Brigadier-General in the regular army, a commission that reflected little credit upon either the recipient or the donor.

The *Daily News* of Chicago is authority for some startling figures concerning women investors and women speculators. It claims that women own more stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad than men. That there are more women shareholders in the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, the New Haven and the Boston and Maine railroads, than men, and that 36 per cent of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific are women. If these astounding figures are true, which we are disposed to doubt, we must believe that it bespeaks the conjugal loyalties of the men, who, after accumulating their pile, die and leave the same to their widows to administer. But this same article assures us that women investors are on the increase. That although women speculators are not welcome on

Wall Street, still it is reported that one firm of brokers at least has had for a year or two a nursery attachment for the convenience of mothers who come to speculate. The article concludes with some sage advice to women investors. Among the things to avoid are: Advertising prospectuses, things that promise very large profits and no risk. Never buy anything because the stock is cheap. After discounting all these figures, there is enough left to indicate that the woman status in the modern world is slowly but surely changing, and it behooves the women to take this change seriously. The time has gone by when woman's capacity for business can be denied, but the frivolities of society, the absurdities and the extravagances of the customer, and the compromise of modesty represented by the tango and similar extravagances, are incompatible with the dignity and self-control that belong to successful business, whether conducted by man or woman. Society and progress have little to fear from the business woman but much to fear from the social-fool and her follies.

The annual report of the United Charities of Chicago for 1912, which, for adequate reason doubtless, has only recently made its belated appearance, is necessarily not cheerful reading. But there is much hopefulness to be read by the intelligent, between the lines. Were it possible to compare this report with a similar report of twenty-five years ago the amount of preventive and constructive work as distinguished from mere repair shop or palliative work, would be very encouraging. There are interesting accounts of two summer camps, to one of which is given the barbarous sub-title of "Preventorium." These represent much summer outing activity. The Mary Crane Nursery and the Social Service Registration Bureau indicate the new helpfulness. The statistics are not without significance. The total receipts of the past year are put at $305,246.65, and this is not a "rich man's fund," for eight thousand and forty-three people contributed and thirty-three per cent of the contributors gave less than $5. Only five per cent gave from $50 to $100, six per cent from $100 to $500. Only seven gave $2,000 to $5,000. The nativity of families befriended is interesting. Out of 15,184, 3,356 were white American born people, and the dependents from the much discounted eastern European races—Italian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, etc.—fall below the more western European nations. The Germans represented the largest class of dependents, next were the Poles and then the Irish. The nativity of "homeless men" points to a similar reproach of the native born white. Out of 1,724, 796 were American born. Again Germany led the list of dependents, followed by Scandinavian, English, Irish, in the order named. Only 17 colored men are listed among the homeless. Only 5 Lithuanians and 33 Italians. The whole pamphlet may well be studied as a handbook on contemporary social service. Concerning church co-operation, the report says: "Infused as never before with the social spirit, we look for fine inspiration to high service and for recruits in the volunteer ranks." The report justly pleads for an intensive study of the future city that is increasing in population at the rate of fifty to seventy-five thousand a year, the city that may before the end of the century represent ten million citizens.

We print this week the first part of Mr. Gannett's review of a "Sunny Life," which is the story of the life and labors of Samuel J. Barrows, sympathetically written by his wife and efficient yoke fellow, Isabel Barrows. We shared with our friend Mr. Gannett a regret that the notice of a book so welcome because it told of a life so honored by the writers and readers of UNITY was so tardy in appearance. But the regret was changed into a sorrow when the news came, while the article was still in galley proof, that the willing hand had ceased its activities and the willing mind had fled the weary body, and the heart that would have most enjoyed the love and the appreciation indicated in the review had missed this assurance of comradeship. Never was a pair more or better married than "June and Isabel Barrows." It is impossible for those who knew them to think of them apart; so identical were they in their ideals, so united in their pollyglot attainments, agility of mind and hand, that their yoking was perfect, and the yoke must have rested easily upon the necks so willing and so matched. We cannot add anything to the appreciative words of our associate concerning the useful and strenuous, as well as sunny life of Mr. Barrows. But the present writer cannot forego the pleasure of bearing testimony to the wonderful ability and high consecration of the loving wife. "The most competent woman I have ever known" is the word of one who knew her well. The editor of UNITY has many times enjoyed the hospitalities of the Barrows home; and shared with this remarkable pair the sympathies and enthusiasms of their many handed ministries in pulpit, in editorial chair, and as specialized friends of the unfortunate. We believe that Mrs. Barrows enjoyed the enviable reputation of being one of the most skilled stenographers in the country. She could translate the German as it fell from a speaker's lips into "pothooks" and convert the same into English "copy" and with reportorial speed and accuracy. But the wonderful thing is that this facility was but a by-product of a soul that was sensitive to new issues, alive to great causes, and competent to grasp far-reaching principles. We hope that the other half of this story of a "Sunny Life" will be promptly told that it may be the better

understood when it is known that it was not a circle, but an ellipse with two foci.

What a terrible revealment is that graphic survey, given in the October *American Magazine,* of "A Village of a Thousand Souls," located on a double-track railroad in a prosperous farming district in the Middle West. The editor tells us that the author of this survey, Arnold L. Gesell, is at the present time a teacher in Yale University, and that the facts herein offered were collected by him in an investigation of the two hundred and twenty families of the community, which investigation he carried back through a generation of thirty-three years. The author further assures us that "from all appearances the village described is distinctly *not* exceptional or unusual in any way." But here are exhibited graphically the two hundred and twenty homes, constituting this "prosperous" village. Many houses on the map bear symbols that indicate the feeble-minded, the insane, the suicides, the alcoholics, epileptics, eccentrics, tubercular and criminals. In this little western village, thirty-six families, a proportion of 16 per cent, are afflicted with alcoholism, all of them men. Twenty-four per cent of the mentally diseased is traced to alcohol. Cases of insanity were found in 10 per cent of the homes,—twenty-two in all. Thirty-four are marked "eccentric"—and so the gruesome catalogue continues. The explanation is not far to seek. When we find that there are thirteen saloons in this little community of a thousand inhabitants over against five churches, too numerous to be efficient. Two per cent of the pupils that gather at the public schools, from two hundred and twenty-families, are marked as feeble-minded. If anyone is disposed to consider this nameless village as exceptional or incredible, they need but step off any train in any little village of any one of our middle western states, which has been habitually "wet," to find these figures paralleled. The ordinance of the city of Chicago has fixed the maximum number of saloons at one for every five hundred citizens, but the prodigality of previous administrations established a saloon for about half that number, and the city fathers seem to be engaged in an ineffectual attempt to reduce the number, so as to comport with the larger constituency provided. But the saloon does not reach its maximum accursedness in "wicked Chicago." We have in mind a would be attractive little village in Wisconsin of about seven hundred population that supports from five to seven saloons, about one for every hundred residents, counting men, women and children, and this village has three churches in active operation and a high school, and is proud of the "business" done in the town. Whoever would exhibit a social survey of that town for the last thirty-seven years would need all the symbols used by Professor Gesell.

Edward Morris

He was but forty-seven years of age, and yet when the light faded forever out of his bodily eyes last Monday morning, November 3, he was at the head of a vast industry, a master in the financial world, one of three or four great purveyors of food in the great food producing valley of the Mississippi. His father, Nelson Morris, came to this country when a lad, an immigrant Jew from the Black Forest region of Germany, and he brought nothing here but the indomitable courage, commercial sagacity and tireless industry that characterizes so many of his race. He became the head of a great packing business. His son Edward began his career in his father's office when but fourteen years of age, and when Nelson Morris, the packer, died in 1907, Edward was ready to shoulder the great responsibility, to greatly expand the business, and to adjust it to the more complex conditions of modern commerce.

He was true to his father's training, and carried the details of the business in his own head and hands, while he had to adjust himself to the newer conditions of the packing business by the manipulation of large forces on long lines. No wonder that this work was too much for one set of nerves to carry!

His early death was inevitable, but Edward Morris lived long enough, not only to force great commercial issues into the clear and contribute mightily to the solution of the same, but he lived long enough to be the loving center of a beautiful home, a devoted father and tender husband; a man modest and pure in life, temperate, chaste and tender-hearted; a man given to the good works which allowed not the left hand to know what the right hand was doing. He was thoughtful, beyond the demands of business, of his employes and their welfare, and became an undemonstrative supporter of the large benefactions in his city.

This Jew found the idol of his heart in Helen Swift, the daughter of Methodist parents. This combination naturally found in All Souls Church the satisfying atmosphere to which they intrusted their children; and when the Lincoln Centre dream grew into definite outlines it found in Edward Morris, as in his father, a generous supporter, and it is not saying too much, that without this generosity the Lincoln Centre in its present proportions would not have been.

Ten years ago when UNITY reached a crisis, and an honorable grave seemed its only triumph, Mr. Edward Morris, joining with Mr. William Kent and Dr. Geo. F. Shears of blessed memory, organized the subsidy

fund that gave to it an additional ten years of sure life. His payment of the last of the guaranty fund was among his latest benefactions. UNITY has lost a good friend. Abraham Lincoln Centre has lost a generous supporter, one who never said "nay" to any appeal that it carried to his door. And what is true of these is true of scores of other humane and humanitarian interests.

He has left a vacant space in the ranks. It is for those who remain to "Close Up—Touch Elbows!" and keep the line moving forward.

Mr. Morris leaves a wife devoted to high causes, and four interesting children—two earnest manly boys and two sweet little girls. His bequest to his children will be reported in the newspapers in dollar terms but he has left them something far more valuable than his millions—the memory of a pure life, a kind heart and broad sympathies.

Recrudescence of the War Spirit

Progress is never on straight lines. Retrogression is as discoverable in evolution as is progression. Degeneration accompanies regeneration. Pessimism is justified by the short lines that measures the life of individuals or even of nations. There are painful and unexpected eddies in the great gulf stream of human history which tempers the cold waves of the ocean and melts the icebergs that come from the frigid zone.

But with a longer measuring line optimism is vindicated by the slow but sure on flow of the stream of love through the great waters of hate and violence.

These are sad and trying days to the pacifists of the world, those who would hasten the day

> When the war drums throb no longer
> And the battle flags are furled
> In the Parliament of Man and
> The Federation of the World.

Spite of Hague Conferences, the righteous indignation of moralists, the tender appeal of poets and the alluring promise that at last the great peace messengers, the saviors of the world are coming to their own, we find ourselves beset by gruesome facts that revel still in the hate nurseries of the human hearts who worship as devotees at the feet of the ugly shrines of violence, and flaunt their banners to the god of War.

The horrible embroilment of the Balkan states, the seething unrest in Mexico, and the clamor of capitalists and would be statesmen for armed interference on the part of the United States, perhaps might be expected. Surely these are hideous demonstrations of the war spirit that has always disfigured the pages of history; and the philosopher is prepared to interpret these. The clamorous call to arms, the half commercial fierceness for more battleships, the reckless accruing of war debts in times of peace, are such as might be expected.

But when, as in certain cities of America, we find women growing distrustful of the "Eternally-Womanly," which Goethe saw leading man upward and onward, and what philosophers and poets have called the "gentler sex," appealing to violence, discarding and distrusting the efficiency of truth and love in the cause of justice, applauding the prophets of disorder, encouraging by their demonstrative presence the champions of lawlessness, it is indeed a dark and sad day for the cause of peace and brotherhood.

Chicago has just been passing through a painful manifestation of this recrudescence of the war spirit at the hands of its friends. Mrs. Pankhurst has been here. She has been toasted and fêted, applauded and reinforced with several thousand dollars and many thousand apologies, even on the part of women who disclaim sympathy with her "methods." But Mrs. Pankhurst cannot be dissevered from her methods. There is nothing unique in her statement of the cause of woman suffrage. Nothing new in her arraignment of the injustice which women receive at the hands of the laws of England as well as the laws of other countries; nothing unique even in her extravagant denunciation of the English character her unqualified condemnation of the temperamental elements that characterize her own kith and kin. "Johnny Bull" has been denounced by Celt and Teuton for many centuries, in language as bitter as Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers can find. The only unique thing about Mrs. Pankhurst is her "method," her boasted militancy, her unique war tactics,—the breaking of windows, the devastating of gardens, the vandalism that burns houses, the rudeness—lurking behind man's gallantry—that insults officers and heaps indignities upon men, who can enforce the courtesies from their fellow men, but are helpless in resisting impudence and sauciness from women. Denunciations are not arguments even when falling from the lips of "ladies."

Last Sunday afternoon Mrs. Pankhurst addressed a vast audience of women, between three and four thousand, who gave her the Chautauqua salute, who cheered her, who listened with apparent sympathy, if the newspaper reports are to be trusted, while she dealt in the platitudes of militancy, and handed out the superficial epigrams that have always justified war. The newspapers reported at great length her address. It is too much to dignify her statements with the word "arguments." Her ultimate appeal was the brutal appeal, always the last resort of the "fighter"—"THEY ALL DO IT AND YOU ARE ANOTHER."

We do not begrudge the few thousand dollars that Mrs. Pankhurst carried away from Chicago. We are willing to respect the woman who has sacrificed so much to what she believes is the "right method," but

we do regret the hardening of the hearts of several thousand women in the city of Chicago who have given countenance and encouragement to the obsolete philosophy of war.

"Militancy," "militant" and "military" are hateful words. They are not words to conjure by on the part of women who ask a place with man at the polling booths because their womanliness will bring there an element of tenderness, gentleness and faith in ideals, in which man has fallen short.

We have advocated through many decades woman's right to the ballot because it is just, but if the recent demonstrations in Chicago and elsewhere are to be trusted, there is but little hope that the mere enfranchisement of women will hasten much the era of reason, of deliberate judgment, as opposed to partisan passion and militant vehemence. It is not true that "actions speak louder than words when the actions are enacted on a lower level than the words spoken. It is not true that even Englishmen are more amenable to the arguments of fear and of violence than to the arguments of love, the appeals to reason. The guiding inspiration of the "Eternally-Womanly," was Goethe's dream.

Carrie Nation started out to fight the saloonkeeper with a hatchet, the hatchet is forgotten and Carrie Nation ended her days in mental confusion. The "Crusaders," way back there in the '70's, started out to fight the saloon by prayer, by religious appeal, by loving argument, and Frances Willard, the benignant queen in the realm of religion, guided into a mighty potency the "W. C. T. U.," perhaps the most far-reaching, benignant, and, all things considered, potent organization ever yet achieved by woman, and its triumph is not yet complete. So long as woman continues to be the messenger of love, the mouthpiece of reason and judgment, she will continue to lead the hosts.

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event;
The indescribable,
Here it is done;
The woman-soul leadeth us
upward and on!'

From Goethe's "Faust," Bayard Taylor's translation.

A hoe is the best prayer against weeds.

Oily people make most of life's friction.

The larger the soul, the simpler the life.

No city is greater than its character ideals.

A good many opinions rise in the stomach.

Humanity gives in love what we render in faith.

My own faults are failings; my neighbor's are vices.

THE PULPIT

The "Sunny Life" of an International Citizen

The Biography of Samuel June Barrows by Isabel C. Barrows

By W. C. GANNETT

Three things combine to make this book fascinating. It is a lover's intimate story of love, of a long and beautiful comradeship in struggles and joys and ideals and growth and work and service. It is a story of what is called "self-making." In the family poverty the boy had all the advantages of a handicap and none of the disadvantages of an "education." But the self-making was so persistently followed that even in lines of the regular education few of the privileged ones reach such attainments as his; and it was so steadily *rounded* that his life's greatest success was the life itself rather than anything he learnt or said or accomplished. The *Nation* did well to entitle its notice of the book, "The Fullness of Existence." Had his personality had fewer facets, or had he neglected some of them, concentrating more upon others, quite possibly his "product" would have given him larger space in the "Who's Who" of service and fame. Did he choose the better part? But in the third place, and with emphasis, the book is a story of service, and of service as singularly varied as the self-culture, the connecting motive through all of its phases being plainly, not ambition, but consecration. Expert stenographer, notable newspaper reporter, private secretary to Seward in Washington and Agassiz in Cambridge, companion of General Custer in Indian campaigns, minister in one of the old homestead parishes of New England, editor of the *Christian Register*, the chief organ of Unitarianism in America, Congressman, champion of half a dozen social reforms, finally specializing in prison reform,—all these careers were his in succession, in each he did well, and each dovetailed into the next to make his life's whole. This is the three-in-one-story which the wife lives over for us in her book, hinting what his days seemed to those nearest him in the title, "A Sunny Life."

As a type of noble national citizenship, and a prophecy of the international citizen who is coming into existence under modern world-conditions,—and also for love's sake,—we ask leave to make this that we write something more than a book-notice.

I.

He was born in 1845, on the lower East Side of New York City,—a region then that allowed a bit of garden even to homes as humble as his. And because there was heart in the home for such things, there were flowers in the garden, and a few good books and even a little good music inside the house. The father died so early that the boy barely remembered him. His main outfit for life, apart from the *in*fits of heredity, was a mother all love and cheer and intensely loyal religiousness. But this was enough. The pinch was tight for the mother and her five children. They managed to live, not exactly on shoe-blacking, but from it. The recipe for it was a family heirloom brought from England, and the whole household,

down to the six-year-old child, took part in the making and marketing,—the stronger arms stirring the boiling mass of ivory-black and molasses, the weaker ones filling the boxes and pasting the labels, and young legs trotting about with the packages to grocers and customers. "It was probably the best blacking ever made in New York City," and at the first World's Fair it actually bore off first prize from all competitors. But good as it was, it would hardly have fed the family hunger, had not the boys gone out early into the world. The Hoes of printing-press fame were cousins of theirs, and by the time he was nine little Samuel was at work in their office; his hours from seven to six, and his wage one dollar a week,—of which he was allowed to keep one cent for himself, the pious little fist usually dropping it the next day on the collection-plate in church. As the remaining ninety-nine cents were ample to cover the cost of his keep, "he could truthfully say in after-life that he had earned every mouthful he had eaten since he was nine years old."

As for schooling, four or five years in the primary, and one year when he was twelve, during which he went skipping precociously over the grades, were all that he had of the regular sort; the rest came in night-classes after the long day's work; and Cooper Union was his Harvard. But that Sunday offering of his cent was typical of the main thing in the little man's life; it was not school, but his church. The mother had the heart of a Methodist under the head of a Baptist, a Baptist of the straitest sect of the Baptists; and the blend of love, loyalty and liberalism in her made for whiteness of soul in the children. The boy never stole. He never told a lie. Once only in childhood, so runs the record, he was really obliged to hide his head and thrice whisper "Damn" in rapid succession, to express his sense of life's hardness. In truth he was so naturally and eagerly good that, even after he had discovered his total depravity and been converted, when the elders, discussing his eligibility for "membership," asked his mother if she had noticed any change in him since getting religion, she had to honestly answer she hadn't. Years after, when a Unitarian minister, he wrote a little book called "The Baptist Meeting-House," and in it tenderly but frankly enshrined his memories of these early days of his soul-life, with details so graphic and full that the story has value in the chronicles of children's religiousness. Three bright pictures shone out clear and dear to him looking backward,—the haloed face of a certain old preacher, the sweet winsomeness of a certain beloved infant-class teacher, and one particular parable-sermon. Then came a young revivalist to the church, and with him the boy's discovery that the world and himself were at enmity with God. Conviction of sin, the inquiry-meeting, self-surrender, "acceptance of Jesus," the sense of forgiveness, of peace, of exaltation, examination before the church, admission to membership, and final baptism in the little Jordan under the pulpit-platform,—the whole experience was his, and intensely his. His one regret, and it lasted some weeks, was that there was nothing tempestuous and revolutionary in the experience. Many children have blessed Jacob Abbott for the "Rollo" books, but this one blessed him for showing in his "'Young Christian" that it is not absolutely necessary to hate God before one can love him, and that a conversion as silent as the growth of a plant might be as genuine as one which seemed to be nothing but miracle.

And now "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child" fourteen years old. His whole heart had gone into his, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth!" In his home Sunday had always been a day of three or four church and Sunday-school services, but henceforth it was to mean still more to him. Were there not sailors idling all that day on the wharves not far away? Arming himself with tracts in five or six languages, he found his first mission-field among them. They used to set him up on a barrel and tell him to preach, and he became known as "the little barrel-preacher." There were the slums of a big city,—what place so much needed prayer-meetings? And he tried their effect. There were hundreds of workmen in the great Hoe establishment, and the errand boy could at least speak to them concerning their souls. Services on week-days were of necessity confined to evenings, but the day of joy for him was the Sabbath, and here is his schedule for it,—his ideal, whatever the real:

> Sunday, from 6 to 8 a. m., distributing tracts among seamen; 8 to 9, breakfast; 9 to 10:30, Sunday-school; 10:30 to 12, church-service; 12 to 1:30, dinner; 1:30 to 3:30, tract-distributing; 3:30 to 5, prayer-meeting; 6, supper; 6:30 to 7:30, prayer-meeting, to pray for a blessing on the evening service; 7:30 to 9, preaching, usually followed by baptism.

Of course a boy like this, and so strict with himself that he would not ride in street cars on Sunday, to whom a dance was Sodom, and a circus or a theater Gomorrah, was predestined to feel a strong call to the ministry. She who had asked him of the Lord, and who was now watching with prayer and thanksgiving, soon heard the question, "What shall be the text of my first sermon, mother?" Quick as a flash came the mother's answer, "God is Love." That was the real heart of her rigid theology. And the son remembered the answer.

Doubt it who will in these changed days, all this was compatible with merry good-cheer and the sunshiny face that the boy really had. And because the essence of such things is the conscientiousness, the decision and courage and loyalty, while the Sabbatarianism and what-not are only the outside, it was in truth very promising, *provided* there was some way of escape from the narrowness of it. His hole of escape was stenography. One Sunday, in the bit of newspaper wrapt round his tracts, his eye caught the word that short-hand could be learnt in fifteen minutes. How beautiful it would be to be able to report his minister's sermons! And another thought came—might it not even be a ladder for himself to the ministry? Borrowing the two dollars needed to buy the hand-book, a week's wage now, every spare moment went into the study, beginning as early as half-past four in the morning. When the fifteen minutes had grown to fifteen months, he could take a fairly rapid dictation. Then a few months more, and he broke out into the world, trusting to his pencil for support. It tripled his week's wage at once, and soon tripled the triple. But through an accident some years before he had almost lost—for life—the use of one eye; and the pace that he struck, with all-day work by gas-light in a dark office, made him by the end of the first year pretty nearly a physical wreck. It was the War-time, and he tried to enlist in the navy, hoping that outdoor life might restore him; but the examining surgeon would have nothing to do with the

fading lad. If not fit for salt water, though, he might do for fresh water. "Go to Dansville," he told him; "pay for the treatment by doing short-hand for Dr. Jackson, and you may possibly earn something to send to your mother beside." His life turned on those words as on a pivot.

Two years at Dansville restored the body, and made young Barrows part of the health and sunshine and joy of the place, where everyone loved him. But they achieved much more than the physical miracle. They widened immensely his outlook towards man and towards God. He came believing intensely in baptism by water, and learned to believe in baptism of the Spirit. He came believing in "communion" solely of the immersed, and learned that there was such a reality as a communion of unimmersed saints. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Quakers, joined with his own Baptists in the union services of song and prayer, and the good physician's sermons on Sunday afternoons bore on character and service and the spirit of Jesus. He saw tolerance, sympathy, courtesy, love, taking the place of sectarian eagerness. The effect of it all was to lift him clear out of the Baptist *ruts,* while leaving him good Baptist still.

And the two years did even more for him than this. Just as his health was breaking down in New York, a girl of exactly his own age in far-away India lost her missionary husband; and the young widow found her way, also, to Dansville,—in order to learn "water-cure" as part of a medical course to fit her for return to the missionary field. One radiant summer together among the flowers and the trees was love-time enough to change her purpose, and to begin the forty-three beautiful years of which she tells us the story today. "When we both left Dansville in October, we were pledged to one another. Dr. Jackson had solemnly betrothed us in his study at Clovernook Cottage, and we walked under the stars through Boulderwood to 'Paradise Gate' "—she allows her book a picture of that path to Paradise Gate—"I putting behind me the sorrows of my past life, going forward with him into a future already lighted by the radiance of his life." The next June (1867) they were married by Henry Ward Beecher.

Meanwhile a mystic re-christening had happened. The mother had called her child *Samuel;* but, to suit his sunny nature, the name of the grim prophet who "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal" needed mellowing, and in the summer of the meeting the name *June* somehow appeared by Samuel's side. From that time to friends and the public he was "Samuel June Barrows." "No one knows the day or the hour when it slipped in," she says; but it seems as if one might guess who and what had to do with the choice. "I am named and known by that hour's feat!" At all events, it marked the beginning of a Vita Nuova for both.

II.

It was love in one room, with the rush and roar of New York all around it. Their arrangement was that she was first to finish her medical studies, and then he to begin his for the ministry, and each help the other to goal. The short-hand pencil, very quick now, reporting for the *World* and the *Tribune,* provided the bread, while he learnt the inside of a great newspaper's life. He was even trusted at times in the city editor's chair; and his Sunday duties took him the entire round of the churches. Now he reported a Catholic archbishop, and now a Spiritualist medium, and now Henry Ward Beecher. But Seward in Washington, Secretary of State, needed a private secretary, and in some way heard of his quickness. One day a telegram dropped: Would he bring his short-hand to Washington at a salary of $1,600 a year? It took them no time at all to pack what the one room contained, and follow his Yes. Here was education, indeed! The message of State and the diplomatic dispatches that he copied gave him glimpses of national and international horizons; the evenings in night-classes gave Latin and Greek and philosophy, in preparation for the Baptist Divinity School that he hoped soon to enter; and, more important than either, came a *stumble* into the Liberal Faith. We condense his account of the stumble.

In the library of the State Department, where he worked, one alcove, mainly devoted to old English preachers, gave special delight. Here he made first acquaintance with South and Taylor and Tillotson. "One day, however, the reader was attracted by another series of books in the same alcove. One of them was entitled 'Ten Sermons of Religion.' The author was Theodore Parker. Though conscious of a strong prejudice against one whom he regarded as an out-and-out infidel, he ventured to read a page or two in the volume. His interest was quickly kindled. Theodore Parker was surely not the man he had taken him to be. With great delight he read through the sermon on 'Conscious Religion as a Source of Joy;' another on 'Conscious Religion as a Source of Strength;' a third on 'The Culture of the Religious Powers.' It was not the literary style which charmed; it was the richness, beauty and strength of the religious sentiment they contained. There was a quality in this 'infidelity' of which the reader had never dreamed. In Parker's 'Prayers,' also, he found a new and nourishing spirit of devotion. He took them home and drank deeply from this fountain of sweet and manly piety. Channing was the natural correlative to Parker. His works, soon found in the same library, were read with equal delight. Different in many respects, in ethical earnestness and deep religious spirit the two preachers seemed one. One afternoon, while walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, he entered a second-hand book store, and again a volume of sermons attracted attention. It was entitled 'The Christian Body and Form,' by C. A. Bartol, pastor of the West Church in Boston. He knew nothing of the West Church in Boston, or its pastor,—least of all suspected them of being Unitarian. After reading a few pages he bought the book, took it home and read it aloud. Without controversy great was the mystery of its godliness. From the symbol it unfolded the reality. By sheer good fortune he had stumbled on three Unitarian books. No one had placed them in his hands. He had found them, and made them his own."

The husband and wife read everything together, and she was as ready for new light as he. Two years as an orthodox missionary in India had already taught her, whatever the creed, the importance of practical Christianity over the creed. As a result of their new reading they found themselves straying together far-

ther and farther from orthodox paths; and Mr. Barrows felt obliged to report his change of views to his old church-friends at home, and to the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington, of which he was recording secretary. By both, of course, he was dropped from fellowship. It hurt him sorely. He had become theologically and spiritually an outcast to those with whom he had shared spiritual joys. To them his change of mind was evidence of spiritual decline and an obdurate heart; and it cancelled hope of meeting hereafter in heaven. Gladly would he have done anything which his convictions permitted to avert the pain he knew must come to the mother who bore him. "But if the excommunication from the old church brought unavoidable sadness, it also awakened feelings of indescribable gladness. Never forgotten will be the bright Sunday when we stood together at the altar of the Unitarian Church and were received into its fellowship. If the joy of the early conversion was more ecstatic, that of the second was serene and peaceful, and not less earnest in its purpose."

A few months later, pencil in pocket, he was on his way to Cambridge to enter the Harvard Divinity School. Under the new vision the old desire, never extinct, had flamed out again. And it was his turn now. There had been a year in the Washington period when he boarded himself and sent her to Vienna for finishing lectures in medicine. She had also become an expert stenographer; and now she staid behind in Washington, reporting for congressional committees,—"the first woman to be employed under the big dome,"—supporting herself that he might get his share of education. Three rich years he had in the school, his first years among books and professors. But much besides Old and New Testament and ecclesiastical history came into the training. As he had been Seward's, now he became Professor Agassiz' secretary; and the wife tells us that the Island of Penikese came to Agassiz for scientific uses in consequence of an enthusiastic letter which the new secretary wrote to the New York *Tribune* under the inspiration of the great professor's plans. Through two long summers, also, as the *Tribune* correspondent he rode by General Custer's side on the western plains. He witnessed several Indian engagements, and once or twice had narrow escapes. But the great escape came a little later, when the *Tribune* asked him to go a third time with Custer. He left the decision to his wife, and it was her telegram, "Please do not go," that prevented acceptance. That was the time when Custer and every man with him were slain! Meanwhile the baby arrived, a daughter of Cambridge; and then, on their joint savings, they went, baby and all, to Europe for a year more of study. "No anxiety for the future troubled us. If aught should happen to one of us, the other could keep the pot boiling. We determined to use up all that we had, and then go home and begin over again." What matter that even the bank failed that held their last three hundred dollars? Were they not young, each thirty-one, equipped head and hand with two professions apiece, standing side by side, and now at last ready together for life-work?

Once at home, a little candidating—his first sermon had the mother's text, "God is Love"—brought him no less than five calls; and they accepted that of "the oldest religious society within the limits of Boston,"—the church on "Meeting-House Hill" in Dorchester. On All Souls Day of 1876 he was ordained, three of the Unitarian leaders, Bellows and Hale and Clarke, taking part in the service. He had achieved his life-hope: he was a Minister!

III.

Four happy years followed. They nested in the love of their people. His ideal of ministry made him both pastor and preacher, and kept him student. There was early rising, and "always Greek before breakfast." One day each week the two spent in the library at Cambridge together, translating theological articles from European periodicals for the Unitarian magazine. He was serving a parish whose nine ministers, all the way back to Pilgrim times, had been wedded to their people till death did them part. Why at the end of but four happy years did *this* minister leave it? Because a gate to what he could only regard as still wider ministry suddenly opened. The *Christian Register,* the weekly voice of Boston Unitarianism, needed an editor; and here, close at hand, was an able and versatile man, trained in newspaper work, young, initiative, a man of the world, and yet a man of the spirit. True, he was new in the fold, and hardly tested as yet,—and the editor of the *Register* must be, above all, a man of sedateness and poise; progressive, of course, but distinctly of slow and safe foot in his progress. Unless in becoming Unitarian, he had at least shown no lack of these qualities,—and invitation was given. He reluctd, felt diffident, considered it "sleeplessly," consulted the elders,—and accepted. It was the hardest decision he had so far been called on to make. But it was expansion of the life-plan rather than its abandonment; and they would still live in Dorchester among their old people; and she, almost as well trained for the work as himself,—she and he could work more than ever together.

Thus a new sixteen-year period of service began,—a much longer period than he gave to any other one cause in his life. For some reason, however, Mrs. Barrows makes a very short chapter about it, and most of her little has to do not with the highway, but with the byways, of their editorship,—*theirs,* for all through these years the paper really had two editors, she a laborer for love. She describes their side-by-side life in the office, and the frugal noon-time lunch that became a tiny *salon* of seven bright communistic associates,—each one "standing for some specific way of making the world a better place to live in," as a certain visiting member of Parliament said of them. Ten minutes for preparation, and ten more for *rep*aration at the end of the feast, were all that was needed, and so well drilled was each to a part that discussion could sparkle on vigorously all of the time. Many and happy the guests, ever welcomed, whether invited or no. The fame of the lunch finally reached into several European languages through letters sent to home papers by visitors charmed and amused by the gypsy hospitality!

There were many journeys of philanthropy in these years,—studies *in situ* of the negro problem at the South, and of charities here and corrections there all over the country; everything being grist for the mill and duly reported to "registered" Unitarians. And once came a well-earned "holiday year" abroad. For years Mr. Barrows had kept up his "Greek before

breakfast" with special studies in summer vacations, again and again running through Homer and Æschylus or Plato or the New Testament; and he had managed to add modern Greek to the list of his tongues. Now came the joy of eight months in Greece itself, making excursions, visiting the islands, exploring the ruins, "digging with Dörpfeld at Troy." The fruit of it all appeared after his return in a volume, well praised by the competent, called "The Isles and Shrines of Greece." Besides this, he left a characteristic token of himself in the land. Sorely troubled by the brutal treatment of horses in Athens, he had "Black Beauty" translated, and thousands of copies were circulated.

(To be continued.)

The Illinois Unitarian Conference

The thirty-ninth conference of Unitarian and other Liberal churches met on the twenty-first and twenty-second of October in the Unitarian Church at Bloomington. The meetings had been admirably advertised, by Mr. Williams for the conference and Mr. Glympse for the local church, and good audiences attended all the sessions. The attention of the whole conference was centered on the vital question of how the modern church is to meet the new age and its new demands. On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Florence Buck of Boston gave a beautiful address upon the assistance which is coming to the church through the new pedagogy. In the last ten years, she said, the methods of the Sunday School have been revolutionized. We have adopted graded courses, realized the value of activity in spiritual training, turned from abstract moral precepts to concrete cases, worked out a comprehensive method of training teachers for the new educational ideals. In the evening Mr. J. E. Williams, of Streator, out of his wide experience gave a searching analysis of the present-day labor struggle. The problem is ethical. If laborers continue to adopt and practice the reigning code of present-day business, "get as much as you can give only what you must," it will spell social wreckage and ruin. The only remedy is a new mind, the substitution of good-will for business greed. Our Senior Editor followed with a magnificent tribute to the church as the supreme democratic organization of the world. It alone embraces in one brotherhood old and young, men and women, rich and poor. The church, therefore, is the force to which we may look to dissolve the prejudices of race and class, "dehorn the nations," and bring in the era of democracy, goodwill and peace.

Wednesday morning Rev. Ernest C. Smith, the Western Secretary, brought out with clear vision the missionary motive, by which alone the church can live and grow. It is the burning desire that other men may have life and have it more abundantly. But in order to transmit the life we must first have it ourselves. It is of all things most contagious. We need to rear a new generation of spiritual personalities who shall spread our gospel through the nations. Organization will harness the spiritual fire to effective service. But the motive power is always the fire. Mrs. Ernest C. Smith brought out finely the need of acting on the sermon's inspiration; and effective action is possible only through association. She plead for a national cooperation among the women of Liberal churches.

In the afternoon the New Thought movement which is sweeping through the country was studied for the purpose of finding the secret of its phenomenal popularity. Perchance it may give the church some keys to efficiency in its present task. Dr. Rowena M. Mann of Chicago dealt with the critical side of the subject, showed the weakness of its therapeutics, its metaphysics, its ethics. Mr. Vail of Urbana analyzed the methods by which, despite these handicaps, it is able to give to distraught and exhausted men mental poise and the life abounding. In the evening Mr. Hawley and Mr. Pulsford of Chicago presented in frank and outspoken terms the content of their religion, its oneness with science, its inspiration and power. Mr. Hawley declared its supreme word was, Unity. There is but one power in the universe, one life in all men. Hence "no one can be perfectly moral until all are moral and no one can ever really be happy until all are happy." Mr. Pulsford dwelt upon the inspiration in the new thought of God rising and struggling for expression within us. Within our veins runs the promise and potency of the full grown manhood of the race toward which the whole creation moves.

SECRETARY.

Should the African Mission be Abandoned?

The development of the church mission in Liberia has been most encouraging. It began in March, 1836, when James M. Thompson, a colored man, opened a mission school at Mount Vaughan with seven native children. It has grown until, in the last report, Bishop Ferguson stated that there were 26 clergymen, 8 candidates for holy orders, 2 postulants, 25 lay teachers and 46 catechists and teachers. During the year of 1912, 242 children and 237 adults had been baptized—423 of them being converts from heathenism. During the year there were 165 confirmations. The grand total of baptisms to date was 9,565; the total of confirmations, 4,856. The number of present communicants was 2,404, of which two-thirds were natives. The estimated value of buildings belonging to the mission was $121,250; 22 day schools, 19 boarding schools and 38 Sunday Schools were conducted; 1,210 day-school pupils, 643 boarding-school pupils, 2,714 Sunday School pupils were in attendance. It is a noble record of results for faithful service.

It has been suggested in some quarters that the American Protestant Episcopal Church shall abandon this promising mission field; or rather it is proposed that it shall exchange this successful and flourishing work with English brethren, for work started by them in Central America. It is possible that from the viewpoint of church administration such an exchange may be desirable; it is certain that from any other point of view it will be a great misfortune. The writer of this article has himself been in Liberia, and is profoundly interested in Liberian problems. He believes that any proposal to abandon work in Liberia could only arise through ignorance of the actual conditions in the Black Republic. He has no wish to interfere in affairs which in no wise concern himself. Deeply interested, however, in the progress of the only remaining country of Africa which is administered by black men, he desires to express his reasons for opposing the suggestion.

It is now seventy-seven years since the Liberian work was begun. It has been wisely directed, it has been nobly supported, it has been successful. Surely the ultimate aim in all such labor is to produce a self-supporting church in the mission field. The Liberian Church is already approaching the point of self-support. In his last report Bishop Ferguson says: "I believe the greatest joy of my life would be to be able to say to the Board of Missions: 'The church in Liberia will hereafter support itself. You need not appropriate any more funds towards its maintenance.' That I am unable to do so as yet is not because of an indisposition on the part of the people to contribute to such a worthy object, but rather because of their poverty, through not having learned to work profitably. It must be remembered that two-thirds of our communicants are native Africans who, as well as the majority of the class we call 'Americo-Liberians' making up the one-third, need to be trained in some remunerative industry. The fact is, that the financial burden of the church in the district is resting on a comparatively small number. Taking this into consideration, the amount raised from time to time for the building, repairing and improving of churches, and to meet other parochial expenses, is rather creditable than otherwise. Besides expenses at home, they contribute annually toward missions in general in the shape of Lenten and Easter offerings and the missionary apportionment fund. Our quota of the last named has already been paid up for the present year. But as above shown, comparatively few deserve the credit. To make the work self-supporting, at least a majority of the members should be able to contribute to it."

Certainly it is a basic error to abandon a work which has been conducted for seventy-seven years, when it approaches the point of self-support. A change subjecting the mission to a new administration, would mean setback and delay in gaining the end desired.

The American Church is bound in a special way to Liberia; the original settlers in Liberia were American freedmen; they had been our slaves. As Americans we had been responsible for the dragging of thousands of helpless black people from their homes; we had held them for years in captivity. When finally we sent them back as freedmen to the shores of their native continent, our obligations by no means ceased.

When Bishop Lee preached the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Ferugson, he used the following strong terms: "To the millions of this race among ourselves, as well as to those beyond the sea, we should count ourselves debtors. If any branch of the evangelistic work of our church has peculiar and sacred claims to general support, it seems to me to be our African mission as well as our home missions among our colored people. With glad and ready hearts should we enter this open door. With free and unclosed hands should we pour our gifts into the Lord's treasury. And when we read with averted eye the shocking details of former injustice and inhumanity, well may we thank God that He has shown us a way in which we may send back to those sunny climes a benefaction, the value of which cannot be told."

In 1893 Dr. Langford, general secretary of the Board of Missions, said: "The lapse of time does not lighten by a shade the deep damnation of its curse. If America were to pay a million dollars a year for fifty years, it would not suffice to cancel a tithe of her debt to Africa."

England has no such duty nor obligation to Liberia; she cannot be expected to take the same legitimate interest in that mission. Nor have the missions of Central America anything like the same claim upon the interest and sympathy of the American Church as has Liberia. Nothing but blindness to the seriousness of our obligation could lead us to make the exchange.

It is true that the United States has at no time shown the hearty interest in and sympathy with Liberia which she should have. It is, however, true that, as a result of all the past, the civilized Liberians are today far more American in spirit than English. The Liberians are different in their bearing and manner from all other blacks upon the coast of West Africa. This is not merely a personal claim. Travelers, ever since the early days of colonization, are united in their statements: the Liberian is more independent—he is more a man—than the black man in any of the European colonies. This spirt has been frequently criticised; it has no advantage to colonizing nations to encounter black men of spirit and independence; such are a bad example to Colonial subjects. But if Liberia is to remain a nation, this spirit of independence must be maintained. The transfer of this mission to England would dampen enthusiasm; it would check the independent spirit; it would introduce the element of weakness. No one who has seen the blacks of Freetown can fail to grasp my meaning. The attitude of the Englishman toward colored peoples may be fairly fair and just, but it is repressive. In the nature of things, administration of the Liberian Church by British leaders would necessarily lead to irritation and assumption of superiority on the one side and subservience on the other; there would be less of self-respect and independence. If the church held its own in numbers, it would be through the loss of its most desirable members and their replacement by people of less strong character.

The work of the Protestant Episcopal Church is not the only mission work within the limits of Liberia. There are also missions, more or less active, conducted by the Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Lutheran and Presybterian denominations. If these mission efforts are to be successful there must be fellow feeling between the different missions; harmony and unity should be the order of the day. We regret that there has not always been the most harmonious relations between the different branches of Christian efforts in the republic. Surely, however, every mission there established should do its utmost toward harmony; surely it should be the policy of each separate mission to do nothing which could interrupt or destroy harmonious relations. But all these other mission efforts in Liberia are in American hands; the transfer of the church mission to English hands would be certain, under the political and social conditions of the country, to introduce friction and enmity which would be destructive beyond the possibility of calculation. From the point of view of Christian harmony it would be a blunder to transfer the mission.

I believe that Liberia may have an important influence in solving our Negro problem. It is doubtful whether we shall send a large number of emigrants from our southern states to the republic; it is likely

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PADEREWSKI IN RETIREMENT

M. Paderewski has virtually given up the role of virtuoso and devotes his time to composing music, rather than to playing it. After a youth full of pathos, some of the tragedy of which he put into his playing, he has retired to his Swiss home, happy in the comradeship of his wife.

There is a myth that like Samson's, Paderewski's strength is in his hair. But in spite of the adoration he has received all his life from matinee girls and the luxury to which he has always been accustomed, Paderewski is a sturdy, many-sided man of red blood and muscle. He plays sometimes seventeen hours a day, a muscular task that might daunt any champion strong man; he is a powerful swimmer and an expert horse breeder.

The model estate of M. Paderewski at Riond-Bosson, above Morgas, is famed throughout Europe. Many pilgrimages are made there, consisting not simply of lovers of good music, but those interested in model farming. Mme. Paderewski has a poultry farm, where all species of poultry as well as pheasants are raised. This has been Mme. Paderewski's hobby for some years and she has many valuable specimens. One cock and four hens, it is said, are valued at $7,500. Surrounding the home of the musician and his wife are enormous gardens and hothouses with their succession of vines so arranged that fresh grapes can be picked from October to April. In the orchards are pear, apple, plum and cherry trees imported from Canada, England, France, Germany, Scotland and Poland. M. Paderewski takes particular pride in the size and quality of his fruit.

These are a few of the interesting things to be seen at the Paderewski estate, and constant improvements are being made, for the musician is spending the greater part of his income in adding to and beautifying it.—*Daily Magazine.*

PRAYER BOOK REVISION.

The question of Prayer Book revision was under consideration at a public sitting of the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury held the past summer. The Bishop of Ely moved a resolution asking the Archbishop to take such steps as seemed to him desirable in order to secure the revision of the passages of the Psalter in which the language is specially obscure or misleading.

The Bishop said his leading principle was that the Psalter was an English and liturgical classic. He contemplated revision on the most strictly conservative lines. There were certain passages in the Psalter which were very obscure in meaning, and which, to speak the truth, were not very far removed from being nonsense. The Bishop of Oxford, in seconding, said that if a committee was appointed and did its work in a proper, conservative spirit, it would remove a real hindrance and scandal in public worship. The Archbishop of Canterbury intimated that he would be prepared to act upon the resolution if it was passed. It was then carried unanimously, and the Archbishop said he intended to consult the Archbishop of York before appointing the committee, but they would go ahead in any case.—*The Christian Life.*

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL WORDS

Last summer Grenville Kleiser, the speech specialist of New York City (formerly instructor of public speaking at Yale University), offered a cash prize to the first person who should submit to him by Dec. 1, 1912, a list of 100 words equally as inspiring as the list which Mr. Kleiser had himself prepared, at the rate of one dollar a word.

Mr. Kleiser's special object was to stimulate widespread interest in the study of words, and that this was accomplished is attested by the fact that many hundreds of lists were sent in, from all parts of the world, including Great Britain, Canada, India, Australia, China, Japan, Africa, Germany and Russia.

The winner of the prize is a Scotchman—James Hendry, United Freechurch High Manse, Forres, Scotland, who submitted a meritorious list of words. Here is Mr. Kleiser's original list:

Achievement, almighty, ambition, aspiration, beautiful, brave, chivalry, Christ, confidence, conqueror, consecration, courage, dauntless, determination, devotion, earnestness, ecstasy, efficiency, enchanting, enterprising, enthusiasm, eternal, exhilaration, exultation, faith, fame, fervent, fortitude, friendship, gallantry, God, greatness, happiness, heaven, heroism, holiness, home, honor, hope, ideal, illustrious, immortality, indomitable, invincible, joyous, justice, kingly, knowledge, liberty, life, love, loyalty, magnanimous, magnificent, majestic, manhood, mastery, mercy, mighty, mother, nobility, omnipotent, omniscience, patriotism, peace, peerless, perfection, perseverance, pluck, power, prayer, preeminence, princely, progress, prosperity, queenly, redeemer, regal, rejoicing, revelation, righteousness, salvation, seraphic, sovereign, spirituality, sublime, success, superb, supreme, sympathy, thanksgiving, triumphant, truth, unflinching, valiant, victory, virture, will, youth, zeal. —*The Standard.*

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that a small migration will constantly take place from us to Africa. But it is of the utmost consequence both to Liberia and to our American black people that there be intimate relations between the two regions. It is desirable that many black men from America should visit and know Liberia; it is most important that Liberians should find it easy to come to America and see our institutions. In this easy contact and intimate relation there is certainly ease for our black man's troubles. Everything which cultivates close, frequent, repeated and continued contact will help us as much as it helps them. We ought, then, at least, to think a long time before we sever any connection already established.

In view of these conditions and tendencies, it seems to me that the proposed exchange would be a serious blunder. Motives of economy and ease of administration cannot excuse it. Duty, honor, enlightened patriotism, demand that the American Church continue to carry the Liberian mission until such time as it may become self-supporting.

—*Frederick Starr.*

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Sure this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord, I've had enough and double
Reason for complaint.
Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine *Today!*

'What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin of the past?
Each must have his tribulation—
Water with his wine.
Life it ain't no celebration.
Trouble, I've had mine—
But today is fine!

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

—*The Argonaut.*

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—*Arthur Stringer.*

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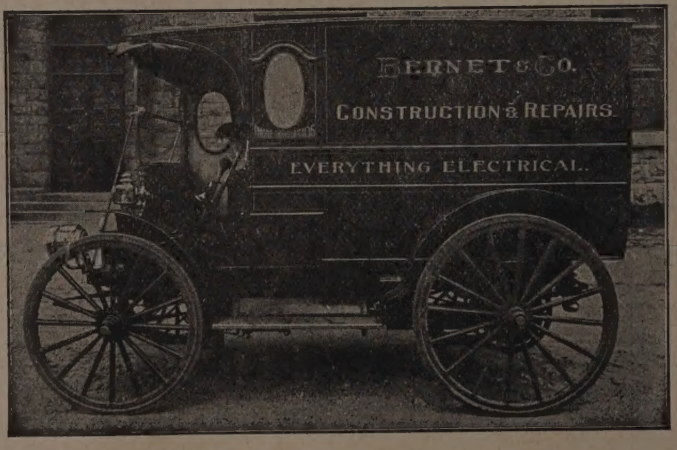

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